

It's lost a time to lye
Into his world you climb
A crossing has its high
It's orientation time
Delights to dance or die
Some others pain to try
Smoke tricks the slave men die
It's orientation time

Distance lays shifted eyes
Crossed mountain off the sly
From lips once bitten time
It's orientation time
So lost the time to try
All of my life boxed time
Raw voice in reason chimes
Disorientations

Bleeding eyes don't see it
It's luring it, don't warn it

Feelings feel like blood
Underneath the homicide
Underneath the blood
From the ugly underside of...